

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satire, so louing to my mother;
That he might not beteme the winds of heauen
Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman.
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father.
Then I to *Heracles*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter *Horatio*, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*.

Hora. Haile to your Lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my.

Hora. the same my Lord; and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord;

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir);
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my eare that violence

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe, I know you are no truant;

But what is your affaire in *Elsonowre*?

Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, christ, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen,
Or euer I had scene that day *Horatio*.

My father me thinks I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentiu eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen
This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap a pea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes,

Within this tronchions length, whilst they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father.

C 3

These